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## No Promise of Peace

THE fighting in Europe is not relaxed; rather it indicates that the animosities of a year ago have crystallized into settled hates; but there are indications that the resources of the several nations are being strained to the limit. When two such powers as Great Britain and France seek a loan of a billion dollars from the outside, that is a confession that their own resources are so drained that their governments do not want to ask their own people for another great sacrifice. Russia, like a bear, is fighting in silence save now and then a growl that she has no idea of crying for quarter, but rather that this business is to go on until it can be settled her way. Not much comes to indicate conditions in Germany and Austro-Hungary, but it is clear that they both are consuming themselves, as they have no outside trade and the stress in many directions must be growing more severe. At this writing the Teutons seem to be trying merely to hold their positions on the northwest and south fronts, but are fighting Russia on the north and east fronts and are maneuvering to force a way to the relief of Turkey on the southeast. Evidently to prevent this a mighty drive seems to be on by the French and British along the northwest front.

If this is true, it cannot accomplish much except to possibly recall the contemplated drive down the Danube, for fortress after fortress guards all the way from Alsace-Lorraine to Berlin. Germany has gained no ground to the northwest since the first month of the war, and the French and English if they attempt a drive into German territory will find the same obstacles in their path that Germany found in Belgium when she hoped, by a swift and fearful advance to, in a few days, be thundering at the gates of Paris, and to control the cities and ports on the Straits of Dover. There is already snow in Alsace and Lorraine, and on the mountains where the Austrians and Italians are fighting. The winter is close upon the contending armies; and when all those powers contemplate how little has already been gained at the cost of millions of brave lives and the bankruptcy of states, one would think they would all be willing to call it a drawn battle and quit.

But such is not the case. Russia does not fear a winter campaign. She thinks of that winter when the "Grand Army" was destroyed by her agents—the icy winds, the frosts and the snow—and, even above her mountains of dead, smiles defiantly.

England knows that her rule will never more be safe in India or Egypt if the Moslem power is not broken, while since the days of Catherine, Russia's dream has been of an open way from the Euxine to the Mediterranean.

France and Italy understand that they must win or become subject powers to Germany. While Germany and Austro-Hungary say: "Look, combined Europe has been hurling its hosts against us for fourteen months and they have not tainted one foot of German territory."

Thus the tempest of war rages and the world looks on, amazed and horrified.

The air is darkened by more and more airships, the sea is vexed by more and more submarines; the earth is heavy under its weight of dead.

And there is no promise of an early peace.

## Has the Limit Been Reached?

AN eastern journal prints a long paper from the pen of an expert, who tries to show that if the war lasts another year, the fighting will be mostly done by air ships.

It is a clear case that if they can already spread desolation in a factory or a section of a city, they need only to be multiplied enough, to destroy a whole city with all the women and children.

Has modern warfare come to this?

But who knows that there may not come a still more fearful destroyer? Young Hammond, standing on the shore with his wireless causes a boat in the harbor to leave its moorings, go out to sea, turn around and come back again to its anchorage, run as the boat even as the blind servitor "floated upward with the tide." That means that there is a force in the wireless current that in a small way at least can be made to act upon and control the motions of a material object a long way. Has young Mr. Hammond discovered the limitation of that power?

Touch a match to cotton and the cotton will burn. Mix with the cotton some nitric acid and then touch a match to it and an explosion follows that will rend a mountain.

Should Mr. Hammond find one more combination might not his toy become at once the arbiter of nations and make war impossible because of its destructiveness?

The war has already developed many things believed to be impossible a few months ago. Who can tell what the next few months will bring?

## An Element to Be Dealt With

IF a blatherskite steals the use of a dry goods box on a corner of a street and preaches anarchy and treason to a gaping throng of listeners, and does it under the claim of the right of free speech, what is to prevent a vigilant police from taking the criminal to the nearest magistrate and having him explain to the court whether he has any legitimate means of support. If he cannot explain, then there is no discipline half so good for him as a few days experience on the rock pile.

When such an one talks to his "fellow laborers" and by his talk foments strikes and violence, what is there to prevent the guardians of the public peace from taking him into a back room of the police office and thoroughly washing his hands to see if, in their native state, they show

any signs of his ever having done an honest day's labor, and if they do not, have him, too, initiated into the stern realities of the rock pile?

If such a miscreant becomes particularly offensive in his harrangues, what is there to prevent the district attorney from having him brought before a committing magistrate and making him show cause why he should not be punished for conspiring against the peace of the city and state?

There are laws enough to protect the public against these miscreants who, under the claim of a right to free speech, seek to stir up insurrections.

All that is needed is to enforce the laws. A vigilant police would know the rendezvous of every one of these sinister characters; where they lodge, who their companions are, what they do, who, from the outside immediately finds and affiliates with them; where at different hours, day and night, they can be located.

It is easy enough to protect a city of this size against human wolves and polecats.

It is a shame for decent people to be obliged to believe, that their city is a place which human wolves resort to, feeling sure that whatever atrocities they may commit, they will escape punishment.

## The Hoosier Poet

FOUR years ago James Whitcomb Riley was stricken by paralysis and sadly exclaimed: "My end has come."

All the Hoosier state people were grief-stricken at the news, for his heart-strings were so intertwined with theirs that the thought that they were about to be torn apart filled them with sorrow.

But the old man has rallied and declares that he feels like a boy again. This is joyous news, and all will hope that the convalescence is permanent. But should the rally prove to be but a lightening of his mind before the twilight deepens into the long night, his experience must be a joy to him. A cloud passed over his sun, he felt a confusion in his mind and through his frame stole something of the chill of the grave.

He has rallied, the confusion has passed and the chill.

Will not the thought be a comfort to him that it was but an earthly pressure that benumbed both body and mind, that the soul and mind within him remained bright as ever, though for a time the curtains were drawn in the little room where they dwelt?

And so has not the hope crystallized into almost a reality that when the earthly obstructions are finally removed, more clear and bright than ever before his mind will act and his freed soul respond? What royal poems will he then write! What glorious company will surround him! What music will greet him and how soft and clear will be the dawns and the sunsets to him! For his heart is gentle as a child's; he loves all beautiful things; when the birds sing around him he is in full accord; the flowers bring him incense, and we fancy that he is even now dreaming of a